

## I.O.D.E. Talks for the Good of the Nation

(Concluded from page 14.)

In this complete democracy of discussion the address of the re-elected President, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, was one of the soundest, sanest and wisest.

"I am not criticizing the leaders of our parties," she said. "Many splendid men have done devoted work for the good of Canada in the capital cities of our Provinces and the Dominion. But we do know how many dark pages are to be found in the history of Canada. This can only be remedied by the majority of our voters earnestly endeavouring to find men of mind and conscience to put into public offices. We are convinced that the heart of the nation is sound.

"We have got to study and learn to guide ourselves in our political life by principle and not by prejudice. One cannot be a good citizen by instinct. It takes time and thought to learn to do one's public duty."

One of the most enlivening and instructive addresses was given by Mrs. J. Elliott Langstaff, President of the I. O. D. E., in New York. She spoke on the food question. Here is one of her vigorous, short-arm jabs, truly American deliverances:

"The gospel of the clean plate must be learned and practised throughout America, and people must study to do without. Judicious use of food will conserve foodstuffs for export and save lives. We people of the United States and Canada eat thirty-five per cent. more food than we need just through the habit of waste. Meatless days are not necessary, but just live up to food conservation to save the nation from a ration pledge. Right ideals are better than iron-clad rules. The former is democracy, self-mobilization rather than conscription.

"Send our Allies all the cardinal necessities. Our allies are dying and we must sacrifice. Raise fruit and not flowers. Peg away against all discouragements. The loaf of privation is on the Allies' table. We must release for our Allies wheat, oats, barley, beef, pork and all animal fats, and reduce our consumption. This means you, not your neighbour."

Feed children rather than calves, was the practical plea of Mrs. J. D. Gordon opposing a resolution issued by the National Executive of the I. O. D. E. asking that all the members of the Order pledge themselves not to eat veal and lamb in order that the stock might be reserved for beef and mutton, in realizing the increased-production-of-stock movement.

"The aim of this resolution," one said, "is to further increased production of stock, and the movers seek by legislation to prevent the increase of the herds from being killed for food, a measure which, more than any other, would defeat the desired purpose!"

"For instance, what becomes of the milk supply if calves have to be fed rather than our children. Cruel as it may seem, calves have to perish that children may be fed."

## A Man in a Hurry

(Concluded from page 9.)

What-you-call-her, the old lady would find me out in half a minute."

"Then," I said, "what would be the use of talking me?"

He jumped up from the table.

"And you call yourself quick!" he cried, scornfully.

I simply stared at him.

"I—I—what do you mean?" I asked. My voice sounded funny.

"Do you want me to tell you that I'm in love with you?" he inquired.

Somehow I had to laugh. I don't know why.

"Yes," I said, "I do."

"Then, if it's any satisfaction to you, I am. But you knew it perfectly well all along. You've only been bluffing me."

I turned back with my hand on the door-knob and looked at him.

"I did not," I said. "I thought it was only business and—and your mother; and as for 'bluffing'—you said—you said—"

"It was bluffing about Miss—Miss Go-and-hang-her!—if that's what you mean."

"And your mother?"

"No. That's true."

"And the—the model?"

"That's right."

"And—all the rest?"

"All the rest. Only I—I got fond of you; and I was foolish enough to think that you—well, it serves me right. I ought to have seen that you didn't. I was a fool, and—that's all."

He turned round and dumped his head on his hand. I opened the door; and shut it with a bang, only—I stopped inside. He gave a miserable sort of growl.

"And she doesn't care a hang for me," he muttered.

I tiptoed across the carpet, and put my hand on his shoulder.

"And you call yourself quick!" I said.

And then I laughed; and then I—was very silly!

So was he!

\* \* \* \* \*

My clerks murmured when I said they must come at eight the next morning and finish everything by half-past ten. (The wedding was at eleven; but, of course, I had not told them.)

"You're in a dreadful hurry," they complained.

"You should see the hurry that he's in!" I said. "I never saw a man in such a hurry!"

## Psychologically Speaking

(Concluded from page 6.)

hegemony of the Balkan States after the first Balkan war, and so isolated the little country that she had resolved to destroy. It was for this reason that Austria proposed to Italy that Serbia be attacked one year before the outbreak of the present war. It was for this reason that Austria was so quick to seize the assassination of the Archduke as a pretext for the accomplishment of the design that she had for so long cherished. The conquest of Serbia was therefore in a very real sense the object of the war, and it is the domination of Serbia to which the Central Powers look for their compensation and their triumph. If they shall emerge from the war with this end attained they will have won the war, no matter what other territory they evacuate, no matter what indemnities they may be called upon to pay. A Teuton control of Serbia means that the road to the east is open. It means a threat to Egypt, the Suez Canal, and India. It means a German protector-

ate over the whole Mohammedan world. And of course it means a check to Pan-Slavism from which it could hardly recover.

That the Italian advance upon Trieste seems momentarily to have halted is easily explicable. The line of communications is now a very long one, and it must be guarded. We may suppose that the main Italian force is near Jamiano close to the Adriatic Sea, and preparing for an advance upon Duino, some three miles to the south. But the whole of the territory to the east of the Italian line is hostile. Nothing would have pleased the Austrians better than to see a continued Italian advance upon Trieste that would have permitted an attack to the rear or northward of the main Italian army, thus severing it from its base and exposing it to the danger of envelopment. General von Ludendorff, who is said to be acting in an advisory capacity to the Austrian forces, is said to have hoped that the Italians would push on toward Trieste, and so enter a trap that might easily have been fatal to them. But General Cadorna has evidently resisted that temptation. He has stayed his armies almost within sight of Trieste until the territory to his east shall be cleared of enemies who would like nothing better than to fall upon his comparatively thin line to the north. It is for this reason that we hear of bitter fighting to the east of Gorizia and as far north as Monte Cucco. If we shall presently hear that the advance upon Trieste has been resumed it will be because the danger of a flank attack has disappeared by the dispersal of the Austrian forces to the east. The preser-

vation of the line of communications is usually of far greater importance than even a pitched battle in the open. There can be no advance until the safety of the communications has been assured.

## A Veteran

DESIRING to meet his emperor's passion for tall men, a recruiting officer for Frederick the Great carefully coached a giant Irishman in German, so that his ignorance of the language might not become known. "Pat," said he, "his majesty will ask you three questions in German, and you will answer in German. I will teach you the words, and you must get them right. He will say to you, 'How old are you?' You will reply, 'Twenty-seven years.' Then he will ask, 'How long have you been in the army?' You will respond, 'Three weeks,' and then he will say, 'Are you satisfied with your lodgings and your food?' and you answer, 'Both, your majesty,' and then you will salute the king." Pat got the German thoroughly. When reviewing his troops the king immediately sighted the newcomer. "Ah," he said, with a satisfied smile at the giant Hibernian. "How long have you been in the army?" "Twenty-seven years," "What!" yelled his majesty. "Why, how old are you?" "Three weeks." "Donner und blitzen!" shrieked the infuriated despot. "Am I a madman or are you?" "Both," replied Pat, imperturbably, and the king was removed, foaming.

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